



TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1887.

CHAS. M. MEACHAM - - Editor.

## DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,  
S. B. BUCKNER,  
of Hardin County.FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,  
J. W. BRYAN,  
of Kenton County.FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,  
P. W. HARDIN,  
of Mercer County.FOR AUDITOR,  
FAYETTE HEWITT,  
of Hardin County.FOR TREASURER,  
JAS. W. TATE,  
of Woodford County.FOR SUP'L. PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,  
JOS. DESHA PICKETT,  
of Fayette County.FOR REGISTER OF THE LAND OFFICE,  
THOMAS. H. CORBETT,  
of McCracken County.FOR STATE SENATOR, SIXTH DISTRICT,  
ZENO F. YOUNG,  
of Hopkins County.

The negro ex-soldiers of New Orleans will have been denied membership in the Grand Army of the Republic.

Look out for the annual crop of Republican campaign lies, which are usually circulated about ten days before the election.

Ten thousand teachers from all parts of the country attended the National Teachers' Association at Chicago last week.

Jake Sharp, one of New York's "hoodlums" Alderman has been fined \$5,000 and sentenced to four years in the penitentiary for his dishonest deeds.

Aaron Gove, of Colorado, was elected President of the National Educational Association. W. H. Bartholomew was elected Director for Kentucky.

The date of the Industrial Conference at Louisville has been fixed for Oct. 4 and President Cleveland will be invited to be present at the opening exercises.

A fire which was started in a coal mine at Mt. Pleasant, Pa., nearly a year ago, has at last been put out by flooding the mines under 50 acres of ground. The loss amounted to \$100,000.

While announcing the death of a member of the New York Stock Exchange Friday, Vice President Hill, of that body, was taken suddenly ill and died before he could be taken from the room.

The boiler of the locomotive drawing the President's special train at Clayton N. Y. Saturday night burst and the engineer was killed by the escaping steam. No injuries were sustained by the President's party, who were picked up by a regular train and carried to the next station.

Miss Mollie Garfield, daughter of the late President Garfield, now 21 years old, is soon to be married to Stanley Brown, her father's private secretary, who is not yet out of his twenties. The wedding will be the culmination of a love affair that began when the young lady was but 14 years of age.

The Republican party must realize that it made a blunder in nominating such a man as Bradley for Governor. He has stooped to methods in conducting his canvass that no respectable candidate for Governor or any other office has ever adopted in this State. If he wanted to run for Governor to obtain notoriety he has certainly succeeded.

Pay no attention to any idle rumor or campaign lie to the effect that Mr. Young has pledged this or pledged that in regard to the prohibition question. He is running as a Democrat and has pledged nothing and will pledge nothing on either side of a question that is not an issue in the race. His position is that upon prohibition and all other questions he would be governed by the expressed will of a majority of his constituents.

Profanity in the pulpit is something unusual in this country, but Sam Jones is reported to have made the following remarkable statement at the close of his unsuccessful efforts to take up a collection at New Castle, Ky.: "I like a man that is, a true man to have 99 per cent. backbone; to say do and what he feels to be right. The people here have disappointed me, and I intend to tell you that, for any good the Lord is likely to receive, you are not worth hell." — J. R.

The people of Christian county want no interference with the prohibition law, by their representatives in the House of the Legislature voted for the ten-year convict labor bill. Working men, take your choice.

The colored Methodist church at Bowling Green was burned Wednesday night and the bell fell and partially injured fireman Wm. Lyles. Property loss covered by \$5,000 insurance.

A barber near Shelbyville knocked the ashes out of his pipe against a keg of powder upon which he was sitting and strange to say was only slightly hurt by the explosion.

Jos. Lynch, the murderer of W. R. May, at Leitchfield, has been taken to Louisville to escape a mob.

## Mr. Young's Position.

Buckner and Bradley held their first and last joint discussion at Grayson, Carter county, last Wednesday. Bradley spoke his piece and Buckner took the stand and began his speech by asking Bradley if it was true that he had stated at London and elsewhere that Gov. Knott had written the speech he, Buckner, delivered at Lexington. Bradley squirmed, but finally stated that he had so stated upon the responsibility of Jim Jones of London. Buckner then denounced the charge as false and outrageous and canceled all joint appointments, declining to meet on the stump a man who would wilfully circulate a slander with the intention of humiliating and disgracing him. Gen. Buckner made his speech without again alluding to his defamer and left the room. To make Bradley's disgrace more complete, Jas. W. Jones, of London, a staunch Republican, published a card in the Courier-Journal denying that he told Bradley any such thing, thereby presenting Bradley in the pitiable and contemptible light of having circulated a slander and then by a false statement having tried to shoulder the responsibility upon an innocent friend.

The followers of Fountain Fox—will not call them Prohibitionists, because there are just as good prohibitionists in both Democratic and Republican parties as can be found in the ranks of the Foxites—are boasting that they will draw largely from the Democratic vote of former years. We have heard of but very few Democrats in this county who will vote against their ticket. In 1884 St. John received only 62 votes in the county and we doubt very seriously if Fox will get even as many votes this year. The prohibition law has been voted in a majority of the cities of the State and nearly everywhere this result was accomplished, as it was here, by keeping the question out of politics and letting the temperance people of all parties act in concert. As we have before had occasion to say, the man who insists on making prohibition the issue of a so-called political party, is either a crank, a misguided fanatic or a chronic office-seeker actuated by selfish motives.

Rev. Eugene Evans, in his speech last night, pitched into the Democratic party of Kentucky, as an enemy to the education of the colored man. The figures do not bear him out and a man of his clerical cut should not mislead his followers. While the Republican party had control, up to 1867, the school tax was 5 cents and none of it went to the colored people. To-day every white man in the State pays a school tax of 22 cents and the colored child of school age gets exactly the same amount that the white child gets, the per capita being \$1.90 in each case. Last year the negro schools drew from the State treasury \$167,696.37; they paid into the treasury only \$13,587.70. In other words the white people of this Democratic State gave to their school fund \$153,127.97. They were glad to give this, and it is hardly fair to charge them with being enemies of the education of colored people.—Owensboro Inquirer.

Zeno Young is a man of intelligence, of information and of progressive ideas on public questions. He would make a senator who would reflect credit upon the district and bring a Democrat would have influence in the Senate. Hub Lunsford is a man of little ability, of small information and without the capacity necessary to make even an intelligent town trustee. If elected he would be the shortest horse sent over from this or any other district to the Kentucky Senate and being a Republican he would sit in his seat like a knot on a log, absolutely without influence in a body of intelligent men, nine-tenths of whom will be Democrats.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

P. S.—Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

J. C. CHENEY & CO., Prop's., Toledo, O.

The bill relating to the colored children at colored schools and vice versa.

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## EWI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN

TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1887.

### HALF RATE LOCALS.

The following classes of local matter will be inserted at half-rates, 10 cents per line: Head-sups, church fairs, candy pullings and all such entertainments to which admission is 25 cents per person. These are our stock-in-trade and we cannot insert advertisements in the paper with masters of no general interest.

### TIME TABLE FOR TRAINS.

#### L. & N. Railroad.

DEPART SOUTH—11:15 AND 12:30 A. M.; 5:10 P. M.  
ARRIVE AT LEXINGTON—10:30 A. M.; 12:30 P. M.  
ARRIVE AT FORT MEADE—12:30 A. M.; 5:10 P. M.  
ARRIVE AT NEW YORK—4:30 A. M.; 5:10 P. M.  
John W. Logsdon, Agent, Hopkinsville, Ky  
POST OFFICE—West Main Street, bet. 5th and 6th.

Open 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

#### TELEGRAPH OFFICES.

WESTERN UNION—Up stairs corner Main and 6th streets. Mrs. Randie and Miss Park, operators.

BALTIMORE & OHIO—Up stairs corner Main and Wheatstreets. A. H. Smoyer, operator.

For Louisville, Chesapeake & Ohio Route.

No. 8.  
Mr. Hopkinsville, L. & N., 10:30 A. M.  
Arr. Nortonville, C. & O., 10:30 P. M.; 4:15 P. M.  
Arr. Paducah, A. M.; 7:15 P. M.  
Arr. Fulton, C. & O., 1:30 A. M.; 2:30 P. M.  
Arr. Memphis, A. M.; 10:30 P. M.  
Arr. Vicksburg, 12:30 A. M.; 7:15 P. M.  
Arr. Baton Rouge, 5:30 A. M.; 2:30 P. M.  
Arr. New Orleans, 7:30 A. M.; 4:15 P. M.  
No. 7 has Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars to Vicksburg and New Orleans, with connecting Chairs, and Sleeping Cars to Mobile, Birmingham, and Atlanta, Ga., and to the Gulf Coast, for and return \$75.00 good until October 31st. Fare one way is \$10. Through Pullman sleeping Cars from Louisville to Old Point.

The names of visitors and absentees and other such society items are respectfully requested to be given if our local patrons will co-operate with us in making this department a complete social register.

### SOCIALITIES.

Miss Georgia Wood is visiting Mrs. Eugene Wool.

Mrs. Bass and Miss Mattie Hickman are at Dawson.

Mrs. F. L. Ellis went to Madisonville Thursday.

Clarence Anderson is visiting a friend near Wallonia.

Mr. J. M. Finley has returned to Paducah to live.

Mr. M. Gant and son, of Owensboro, are in the city.

Mr. W. J. Graham is dangerously ill with typhoid fever.

Miss Willie Elliott has gone to Russellville on a visit.

Mrs. J. D. Russell has returned from a visit to Shelbyville.

Miss Clem Buckner has gone to Sebree to spend several weeks.

Delbert Cayce has gone to Hartfort, Ky., to make a week's visit.

Mrs. Dr. Stites, of Pontiac, Ill., is visiting the family of Mr. I. F. Ellis.

Mrs. Pauline Lander and daughter, Alice, are visiting relatives in Princeton.

Misses Mary Feland and Bessie Burnett have returned from Cerulean.

Mrs. H. C. Richards and children are visiting relatives at Roaring Springs.

James Haurathy, of Clarksville, spent a day or two of last week in the city.

Mrs. I. P. Gerhart returned home Friday, accompanied by Miss Hattie Hopper.

Mrs. J. O. Rust and daughter, are visiting Mrs. Sam M. Gaines, of Frankfort.

Mrs. J. B. Rogers, nee Gardner, left Saturday for Glasgow to join her husband.

Mrs. A. A. Fuqua and daughter, Maud, are visiting the family of Rev. J. W. Bigham.

Miss Sadie Woolfolk, of Owensboro, is visiting the family of Mr. Ben Campbell near the city.

Miss Genevieve Anderson has returned from a visit to Allensville accompanied by Miss Nannie Barnes.

Mrs. Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Peter M. Barker and Mrs. H. O. Hambough, of Peacher's Mill, Tenn., are sojourning at Dawson.

Misses Eunice and May Fuqua, Mamie Rust and Sallie Buchanan are visiting the family of Mr. Ben Bradshaw, near Pembroke.

Mr. R. A. Burnett, Jr., has resigned his place with Jones & Co. to go to Owensboro and accept a position in Mitchell's dry goods establishment.

### A Young Lady Suicides.

Miss Mariah La May, a young lady 18 years of age and daughter of Richard La May, a farmer who lives a few miles south of Lafayette, committed suicide by hanging, about 10 o'clock last Friday morning. Her mind had been unbalanced for some time and a strict watch had been kept over her to prevent her from suiciding, she having made the attempt twice before. Friday morning she churned and gathered vegetables for dinner and about 10 o'clock was missed from the house and a search at once made for her. In a few minutes she was found swinging in a deep gully, dead. She had tied one end of the rope around her neck and the other to a tree which was over a deep and broad gully and jumped off, falling several feet; but the fall was not sufficient to break the neck and she died of strangulation.

Thos. Mitchell, 23 years Cashier of the First National Bank of Lexington has resigned.

### HERE AND THERE.

Dr. D. E. Boyd, of Lafayette, is seriously ill.

Mr. S. J. Lowery is suffering from a sprained ankle.

Home grown melons have made their appearance on the market.

Mr. M. M. Hanberry has concluded not to make the race for the Legislature.

WANTED—\$5,000 at 6 per cent on real estate worth over \$20,000. Apply here.

Rev. W. E. Knight preached two sermons at the First Presbyterian church Sunday.

A very pleasant party was given at Mr. Jno. N. Johnson's residence near Beverly last Friday night.

Mrs. J. C. Edwards, a sister of Mr. W. H. Martin, of Crofton, died at Russellville Thursday.

The largest crowd for several weeks was in the city Saturday and not a single drunken man was seen on the streets.

A ten year-old son of J. R. Fields fell off a fence and broke his arm at the elbow Saturday. Dr. Fuqua set the fractured member.

Finley, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. O. Graves, of Louisville, died at Owensboro last Thursday and was brought here for burial Friday.

The protracted hot spell continues and the longer it lasts the worse it gets. The thermometer in this office registered 101 in the shade yesterday afternoon.

There will be a lawn party at the residence of Mr. John Feland, this evening. Refreshments will be served for the benefit of the Methodist church fence. Everybody cordially invited.

Mr. J. L. Broadhead died at his home near Lafayette, Friday night last of consumption. He was a prosperous farmer, fifty years of age, and will be much missed in that community, as he was a good and useful man.

Mrs. M. Humphrey, of Fairview had one of her feet taken off just above the ankle Sunday, being attended by the Fairview surgeons. An affliction of the foot made amputation necessary—Elkton Progress.

Some weeks ago a party of colored people near Genoa, were badly frightened by what they supposed was a huge wild beast. It turns out that it was Mort Giles who had donned a tiger's hide and had a little fun at their expense.

Mr. E. H. Fritz is the champion tobacco grower of the State. He sold this season seven hogheads of the weed at an average of \$16.68 per hundred. One hoghead on the Hopkinsville market last week brought him the neat little sum of \$22 per hundred.—Elkton Progress.

This resort is now enjoying an unusual rush, and on Saturday and Sunday the following guests registering:

J. E. Hays, Dawson, Ky.; Miss Lizzie McCarty, Ed McCarty, D. L. Crider, Crittenden; R. B. Withers, J. M. Clark and lady, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Long, Miss Hattie Long, Master Stanley Long, Guy Duncan, Bob Burnett, C. F. Jarrett, Lucian Jones, Louis Solomon, Paul Candler, H. H. Abernathy, W. T. Cooper, S. B. Buckner, Frank Cook, Ben Campbell, Ed Ephram, Geo. W. Wills, R. A. Seney, Thomas Seneen, Hopkinsville; Miss Hattie Mathews, Bellevue; Miss Nannie Richards, Brownsville, Tenn.; W. J. Hopson, Canton; H. M. Caldwell, Clarksville; W. B. Weeks, Evansville, Ind.; Miss Rebecca Latimer, W. W. Williams, Mayfield; J. R. Cade and wife, Miss Fannie Baker, Emmel Caudle and wife, Miss Nannie Edwards, Miss Sammie White, J. C. White, Miss M. Mabry, Newstead; Herman West, Newstead.

The body was shipped to Louisville yesterday afternoon.

### A Fatal Case of Sunstroke.

When the 5 o'clock train came in Saturday afternoon, Mr. Thos. W. Weller was taken from it in an insensible condition, the result of a sunstroke. Mr. Weller got on at Madisonville and was coming to this place. The passengers state that he appeared to be suffering as he sat in his seat and just as the train reached the suburbs, where he swooned away. He was taken from the train and carried into the depot, where his face was bathed and efforts made to restore him to consciousness. He was subsequently taken to Dr. Christian's drug store near by and in half an hour or more was able to get up. He took a quart of a grain of morphine and walked down town to the Phoenix Hotel and registered in a firm hand. He sat around an hour or two and discussed his sick spell. About 8 o'clock he went to his room and went to bed, after having had a vomiting spell. He was asked if he thought he had cholera morbus and said no, that there was nothing wrong with his bowels. He appeared easier after throwing up and asked for ice for Mr. Cooper advised him not to drink ice water and he went to bed and went to sleep immediately, after requesting not to be disturbed. Mr. Cooper went to his room frequently till 12 o'clock and the porter called later during the night and he appeared to be sleeping soundly and was not disturbed. About 7 o'clock Sunday morning Mr. Cooper attempted to rouse him and found him in a comatose state, breathing very hard. Dr. Scargent was called in and bled him, but he continued to grow worse and died about 9 o'clock. Dr. Scargent gave it as his opinion that it was a case of sunstroke.

Mr. Weller was a member of the agricultural firm of Brannan & Co., Louisville, and was about 40 years of age. He was a cousin of Dr. B. S. Wood, Eugene Wood, and D. M. Taylor, of this city, all of whom called at the hotel and assisted in preparing the body for burial. The corpse was laid out in the parlor of the Phoenix and the dead man's friends communicated with his brother, Ben Weller, Louisville, wired to hold the body until his wife at Belmont, Ala., could be heard from. His family consists of a wife and two daughters about grown.

Among the papers found in the pockets of the deceased was a certificate of membership in the N. Y. Mutual Accident Association for \$5,000. Mr. Weller was well known here as he made regular trips to the city.

The body was shipped to Louisville yesterday afternoon.

### CERULEAN SPRINGS.

This resort is now enjoying an unusual rush, and on Saturday and Sunday the following guests registering:

J. E. Hays, Dawson, Ky.; Miss Lizzie McCarty, Ed McCarty, D. L. Crider, Crittenden; R. B. Withers, J. M. Clark and lady, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Long, Miss Hattie Long, Master Stanley Long, Guy Duncan, Bob Burnett, C. F. Jarrett, Lucian Jones, Louis Solomon, Paul Candler, H. H. Abernathy, W. T. Cooper, S. B. Buckner, Frank Cook, Ben Campbell, Ed Ephram, Geo. W. Wills, R. A. Seney, Thomas Seneen, Hopkinsville; Miss Hattie Mathews, Believil; Miss Nannie Richards, Brownsville, Tenn.; W. J. Hopson, Canton; H. M. Caldwell, Clarksville; W. B. Weeks, Evansville, Ind.; Miss Rebecca Latimer, W. W. Williams, Mayfield; J. R. Cade and wife, Miss Fannie Baker, Emmel Caudle and wife, Miss Nannie Edwards, Miss Sammie White, J. C. White, Miss M. Mabry, Newstead; Herman West, Newstead.

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### HARPER'S SPRINGS.

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J. E. Hays, Dawson, Ky.; Miss Lizzie McCarty, Ed McCarty, D. L. Crider, Crittenden; R. B. Withers, J. M. Clark and lady, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Long, Miss Hattie Long, Master Stanley Long, Guy Duncan, Bob Burnett, C. F. Jarrett, Lucian Jones, Louis Solomon, Paul Candler, H. H. Abernathy, W. T. Cooper, S. B. Buckner, Frank Cook, Ben Campbell, Ed Ephram, Geo. W. Wills, R. A. Seney, Thomas Seneen, Hopkinsville; Miss Hattie Mathews, Believil; Miss Nannie Richards, Brownsville, Tenn.; W. J. Hopson, Canton; H. M. Caldwell, Clarksville; W. B. Weeks, Evansville, Ind.; Miss Rebecca Latimer, W. W. Williams, Mayfield; J. R. Cade and wife, Miss Fannie Baker, Emmel Caudle and wife, Miss Nannie Edwards, Miss Sammie White, J. C. White, Miss M. Mabry, Newstead; Herman West, Newstead.

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### MONUMENTS AT COST.

Having sold my marble works building to the Blumenthal Carriage Co., and being compelled thereby to

the same quality of goods

were ever offered before in this city. They

also do roofing and guttering and are

bosses at the business.

Give them a trial.

### STARTLING!

The fact has been ascertained at last that Caldwell & Randle sell Stoves, Tinware and Queenware cheaper than the

same quality of goods

were ever offered before in this city. They

also do roofing and guttering and are

bosses at the business.

Give them a trial.

### FOR SALE!

An established mercantile business in Nashville, Tenn., which is paying about three thousand dollars profit per annum. Capital required to purchase about thousand dollars. For information apply to

Long, H. C. & Co., Hopkinsville.

ANDREW HALL.

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Having sold my marble works building to the Blumenthal Carriage Co., and being compelled thereby to

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bosses at the business.

Give them a trial.

### PAINT, PAINT.

An established mercantile business in Nashville, Tenn., which is paying about three thousand dollars profit per annum. Capital required to purchase about thousand dollars. For information apply to

Long, H. C. & Co., Hopkinsville.

ANDREW HALL.

### SHAVING, SHAMPOONING,

All done in the latest fashion and satisfactory guaranteed. Nothing but clean towels used.

JOHN W. POFF.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Hand-Made Harness,

OF ALL KINDS.

ALSO—

Saddles, Bridles and Whips.

Has removed to Duckers' Carriage Shop and

I will keep everything connected with

SADDLE BUSINESS.

My Goods are of the Best Material and Su-

perior Workmanship.

Call and examine my stock and be convinced

Repairing done with neatness, at prices to suit

SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH LENOIRIAN  
18 AND 20 NINTH STREET.  
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY  
ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch one time, \$1.00; one week, \$1.50; six months, \$2.00; twelve months, \$15.00.  
One column one time, \$12.00; one week \$18.00.  
Special local 5 cents per inch for each insertion. Reading matter 20 cents per line. Obituary notices over 10 lines, resolutions of respect, announcements, etc., 25 cents per line. Advertisements where no advertisement is charged 5 cents per line for each insertion.

The Captain's Money.

A Tale of Buried Treasure, Cuban Revolt and Adventure Upon the Seas.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

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"When I was arrested, my first thought was that my hours were numbered. I had not been taken beyond the Paseo before I had thought the matter over and determined to make an effort to escape. Beside the other things that favored me, the very boldness of the attempt made success possible. I was well acquainted with the soldiers in whose hands I had fallen, and I knew that they never dreamt of such an attempt. At the worst, a Spanish ship would finish me; should I fail to try it, I was certain of the garrote. You saw the attempt and its success. The Captain who recognized and arrested me was one whom I had seen shoot a wounded insurgent at Las Pozas; and I hope you'll believe me when I say that nothing in my life ever gave me a greater satisfaction than to break his head with the butt of one of our own muskets."

"I made my way quickly and safely back to the Jews'. He bid me so securely that I was not in the slightest danger of capture, though both his home and shop were twice ransacked last night by the patrol. Before daylight he visited me under ground, and we arranged the plan of escape that had been successfully carried into execution. I knew that the pursuit would be kept hot for weeks; I could trust my faithful Jew with the life of but I could not trust the long chapter of accidents that might lead to my detection. I determined that I must leave Cuba at once. These Havana Jews know every thing that is transpiring. With a lot of other gossip, he had told me of the American merchant-vessel in the harbor without a crew, whose master was trying to pick up one. I caught the chance at once. My disguise I was absolutely sure of; my only fear was that you had already got all the men you wanted. But I came down to the quay with the agent, and when I saw you, I recognized you at once as the man who stood behind me in the crowd yesterday, and whose generous sentiments were expressed in my hearing. I need say no more; I'm safe under the old flag, thank God!"

The narrative of Henry Crawford was listened to with the deepest interest by the Captain, and, naturally, led to fifteen minutes more of con-

dened to recognize you this morning as the generous sailor I saw on the Paseo yesterday, but your vessel seemed very familiar to me. It seemed so from the name I read on her stern as I came on board. That name is very dear to me. Here, sir, is the picture of the lady to whom I engaged myself. Look at it."

The Captain took the daguerreotype. He looked at it; he looked at Crawford. Astonishment was at first written on his rough face, then a broad smile illuminated it.

"Why, you young rascal—I can't believe my eyes! That's my daughter Nellie."

PART II—CHAPTER L  
INCIDENTS OF THE NIGHT.

Slowly and superbly the great round moon rose over the southern seas and poured down a flood of light on the wide waste of waters. No land was now in sight; the Cuban mountains had sunk below the horizon, and the nearest low land of the Bahamas was far to the northward. The wind held steady, veering now more to the southward, so that the bark held easily on her course, which was now northeast on the surface of the sea. For thirty rods astern the glowing track of the vessel could be seen. A solitary sail far to the eastward, visible at sunset, had now faded from sight. The constellations came out, hardly dimmed by the splendor of the moon, and shone with a brightness unknown in higher latitudes.

Such a night as this aboard ship Captain Willis had never seen; indeed few masters of vessels had. His good ship was speeding along through the water at a rate that bade fair to make this voyage remarkable for its brevity; but the unruly human elements aboard made his eyes almost sleepless, his heart anxious. He had calculated that it would be possible to reach Nassau before the following night, where he had determined to make an effort to get rid of the worst elements of his crew, even if he had to contrive the voyage short-handed. That night he and Crawford watched and took the wheel alternately with the mate and Dick Purvis. Mr. Hardy had divided the crew into watches, had instructed them in the duty and hours of the watch, and carefully struck the bells himself, or had Dick do it; but not for a moment did he or the Captain put the slightest confidence in the crew.

About midnight the mate was keeping watch with Crawford at the wheel. The Captain awoke from a doze, and saw Purvis coming aft. "How is it, Dick?" he asked. "What do you find for ard?"

"Very little to speak of, sir," replied the seaman, settling his foot-top. "I've tried hard to get familiar with some of em; but they fight dreadful shy of me. Not a word would any of 'em say in my hearing till they found I didn't understand Spanish, and since they are jawing pretty much all the time. The negroes growl. Hiding, likely," one of the vagrants ventured.

"Now mark me, men!" the Captain said. "You know what manner of man I am: I'm not to be fooled with. Some of you know where that fellow is. We shall be at Nassau before dark, and then that man will go ashore in irons. He'll go if it takes the whole British garrison to bring him out. You hear me? Just tell him that, and that he'd better deliver himself up peaceably."

The two walked aft again.

"I don't think I'd have told them that, sir," said Crawford.

"Why not?"

"It may make them more desperate."

"Pshaw! Such fellows as those never are always desperate. What they need is to feel the strong hand of an iron master. They'd hear from me for sure, and I thought it time to move."

He stopped and leaned against the long-horn. His companion was silent. "Another day of this suspense and vigilance, and we'll make port again and rid ourselves of these pests."

"I hope so, sir."

The Captain said nothing for a moment, and then suddenly asked:

"Mr. Crawford, are you superstitious?"

"I don't know that I am." He added with a laugh: "I suppose I'm not enough of a sailor for that."

"You say that in jest; but there's truth in it. Now look at me. You see that I am; you know me pretty well. You wouldn't take me for a man likely to give way now; I tell you this morning they'll all check-h-howl together, certainly Spanish. The stowaways are scaly-looking chaps as they are can hardly be understood in any language."

"Have you seen Mr. Hunter?"

"Yes, sir—he was near the forward ladder a few minutes ago. There he is now."

The Captain jumped up and started toward the figure that had just appeared from amidships. The figure receded as he advanced. With a loud and peremptory "Heave-to, there!" he rushed forward and caught the man by the arm.

"Louis, is this you?"

The face turned silently to him in the moonlight, showed him that it was he.

"Now what do you mean by evading me in this fashion? What is the deuce is the matter with you? Don't you see that I've got a turbulent and mutinous crew aboard, and that I want all the friendly help I can get?"

"Louis, listen to reason. Henry Crawford is a man whose acquaintance would honor any of us. I want you to have told me several times; but I have never taken them from political refugees."

"His words were so solemn that Crawford could at first make no reply.

"Still," he at last ventured, "you must admit that there is no peril that threatens you that does not equally threaten me."

"Not at all. My belief is just as firm that you will escape these dangers and live long to tell about them. Just look at what has happened to you in the past month! Fate has been wonderfully kind to you, and will continue to be, I verily know. You are marked for life, not death. No man can do the things that you have done, without having what I should call a firm grip on existence. Don't ask me how all this seems so clear to me; I feel it—but I can no more explain it than I can tell what made this wind rise, and what keeps it blowing."

There was absolutely nothing that leads me to tell you this," Captain Willis went on. "If I supposed that we were all to be involved in a common disaster, and that none of us should ever sail into Boston Harbor, you would have heard nothing of this from me. It is because I thoroughly believe that your lucky star still attends you, that I now speak to you as one man might speak from a dying bed to another."

The rough man was softened by his own words. His voice faltered a little; he even grasped Crawford's hand.

"Nothing has been said between us about my daughter since you surprised me with her picture," he continued. "It's not necessary to say that I approve her choice. She's a sweet, good girl, my lad—that you know. She hasn't been as much of her father as a child has a right to; but I've always loved her dearly. Didn't I name this ship after her, when she was a little slip of a thing? You'll do just as you said, I am sure; you'll go back, quite adventuring, take up the old, steady ways of the world, which, after all, are the best ways, marry Helen, and settle down. You must be kind to her mother, too; she's a good woman."

There was just a dash of petulance in the young man's voice as he replied:

"All this is very pleasant for me to hear, Captain Willis, and I'm proud of your confidence in me. You'll pardon me if I say, unorthodox as I am."

"Out with it, then."

Captain Willis, not only was I glad

"THE MULATTO IS LOOSE!"

Here that time has come. Anyway, I refuse to occupy it with the company you've got there now."

"This was a hasty remark, Louis. You remember how you had angered me? Let us think no more of it. Here's my hand, nephew."

Louis took the offered hand, but released it immediately without a grasp.

"Now go back to the cabin," the Captain said, half coaxingly.

"Not I! You've chosen your company. I'll choose mine. I can make myself quite comfortable forward."

Louis stalked away, leaving the Captain in deeper doubt than ever as to the meaning of his conduct.

"All this is very pleasant for me to hear, Captain Willis, and I'm proud of your confidence in me. You'll pardon me if I say, unorthodox as I am."

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An hour before daylight Dick Purvis nudged the mate, and awakened him from a fitful sleep.

"What's the matter, Dick?"

"Something bad, sir. I'll whisper it to you; we'd best make no alarm yet. The mulatto is loose."

"Great God, how can that be?" the mate exclaimed. "I shackled myself, and have seen him every two hours since. Where is he?"

"I only know he is gone, sir, with the deck unlocked that fastened him to the ring in the floor. I suspect he's hiding somewhere in the hold."

"He must have had help."

"Surely, sir."

"Well, the devil is aboard this ship, and no mistake. I hate to disturb the old man, but he must know it."

The startling intelligence was communicated to the Captain, and it banished all further sleep till sunrise. The mate took the wheel, and Crawford and Purvis watched with the Captain; but he said little. The threatening events of the last few hours were making an impression upon him which was idle to try to shake off; he made no answer to the reassuring words addressed to him, but remained sunk in deep thought.

PART II—CHAPTER IL  
THE SHADOW OF A NEW DAY.

The moon was dull in the West, and the stars were pale. There was light enough to see the length of the deck, where the view was not obstructed, and as yet there was no sign of outbreak. The Captain walked forward with Crawford, saw that the watch were awake, and that the lookout was at his post, and stopped a moment to observe the men. A silence fell upon them as they saw him.

"Where's that big mulatto?" he abruptly asked. "Can any of you tell me?"

There were several head-shakes, and two or three negatives in Spanish.

"May be jump overboard."

"Hiding, likely," one of the vagrants ventured.

"Now mark me, men!" the Captain said. "You know what manner of man I am: I'm not to be fooled with. Some of you know where that fellow is. We shall be at Nassau before dark, and then that man will go ashore in irons. He'll go if it takes the whole British garrison to bring him out. You hear me? Just tell him that, and that he'd better deliver himself up peaceably."

The old man chuckled again.

"Now, Henry Crawford, I've a very strange story to tell you. Yesterday you laid your whole life open to me; I'm going to do just as candid with you. What would you say, to be told that neither the girl nor her mother knows of the existence of that money, nor where it is? That's just what I tell you. You're my secret, and I've carried it for years; foolishly, perhaps—you shall judge of that when you hear the story. For Helen's sake, for your's and her mother's, you must have this secret, so that the money may be saved to you three."

The Captain pulled his whiskers thoughtfully.

"I said I would be candid; I will. Of course, this has been foolish of me; I don't think I'd have told them that, sir," said Crawford.

"Why not?"

"It may make them more desperate."

"Pshaw! Such fellows as those never are always desperate. What they need is to feel the strong hand of an iron master. They'd hear from me for sure, and I thought it time to move."

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